

PIONEER ECHOES.

ONE of the wildest and most picturesque gorges that means the eastern slope of the Coast mountains of Oregon is that known as the headwaters of the Tualatin river pour their foaming current. Locally the stream is known as Patton creek, after one of the pioneer families of the state. The lower valley is a scene of pastoral beauty and quiet homes, but the upper canon lies today as wild and rugged as it did when it came from the hands of the Creator.

I first visited this canon in the spring of '88, when Steve Scoggins of pioneer fame, undertook to pilot a small party to the site of the old Lee mill, at the lower falls. Thirty-five years ago this water power was utilized to saw lumber for the settlements in the valley; and in those days a good road had been built to the mill; but here the wave of advancing civilization was checked by the wilderness, and time soon obliterated the faint marks of man.

We found the old road overgrown, and in places it had entirely vanished; but our friend Steve was a dauntless driver, and when we encountered a young fir in the old road he would placidly drop his chin in his shirt front and silently meditate while we chopped it away.

We reached the falls at dusk, however, and the following day Fred McLeod selected his homestead, which he occupies today.

The intervening years have witnessed another battle between the invasive instinct of man and the wilderness, and when I alighted, a few days since, at Fred's place and observed the changes that he and time had wrought, I realized that in the renewed struggle the victory will not go to the forest.

We sat in the doorway for a brief respite ere ascending the trail, which here boldly climbs a steep mountain side, and admired the wild prospect of billowy forest, whose interminable sweep became lost far, far to the westward. Out of the south and over the distant ridge of the canon, the moist wind bore a menace of rain. Hung here and there, seemingly caught by some giant of the forest, were ragged ribbons of vapor; but the gleam of sunlight was still upon the distant peaks, and the murmur of the breeze in the tall trees had not yet stilled the voice of the impetuous stream, foaming down its rocky glen.

After transferring our impedimenta to a packhorse, we climbed the steep hillside, and following an old Indian trail to Tillamook along a lofty ridge, tramped three or four miles up the stream. Along this trail the wild pea-vine flourishes, and as the forest is free from underbrush, traveling is not difficult, and in places the view of the distant valley through the forest aisles is magnificent.

The last time I tramped along this path it was very dim in places, but a small army of "land cruisers" and timber claim seekers have since beaten out a well defined trail. About all the available timber land in this section was taken during the late craze, and much of it will hardly pay the entrymen for their trouble and expense. I was told of one case where the purchaser was shown a fine quarter section of fir timber by a "cruiser," and after he had paid his fee of \$50 and the land office and publication fees also, he discovered that his land was really six miles distant in the heart of a gigantic burn. When this amazing discovery dawned upon the speculative intellect he girded up his loins and went gunning for that "cruiser," and compelled him to disgorge his ill-gotten gains.

One claim, at least, in this section can be bought at a discount. The adventurous settler went as far back as the law would permit him—at least his quarter

section was barely within the surveyed limits—and building a rude cabin moved upon his pre-emption. One night he awoke to find his lonely couch invaded by a shaggy bedfellow—a cougar or a bear—and he arose from that bed and went away on the wings of morning. In his earnest desire to reach the settlements he tarried not for his attire. The first house he reached was occupied by a lone widow, who was so startled at the strange apparition that stood shivering on her doorstep that she fired at him with both barrels of her shotgun, and he returned his journey with renewed vigor, pausing not until the lower valley was reached and a sympathetic farmer took compassion on his sorry plight.

We entered the open door of his cabin. He evidently had not returned to the place, for we found many evidences of the previous presence of the bear. The sheet-iron stove was upset and a pot of beans had been rolled to one side, and its contents scooped out with no dainty hands. The sugar sack was empty, and in brief the scene presented was one of the wildest disorder. When we went away we closed the door and left the key in the lock, but the precaution seemed hardly necessary, for the bear had wrought about all the havoc of which he was capable.

Often you will hear townsmen describe the course they would pursue in case of their becoming lost in the mountains. They would travel until they reached some stream, they say, and follow its course until they arrived at the settlements or the ocean. A very perilous plan, indeed—one that might do in some instances, but if the wanderer should strike one of many of the tortuous creeks of Oregon near their headwaters, he would probably become exhausted and perish, even after reaching the settlement, if not before. On Upper Patton creek, for instance, while there are numerous cabins back upon the ridges, and in places cultivated fields, the canyon walls present as wild an appearance as the heart of Alaska.

Nothing can be more fatiguing than walking down the rocky bed of such a stream. A five-mile walk upon an easy highway will not weary a man as will one mile of following along a small stream, crawling through tangled and thorny underbrush, clambering over great drifts of fallen trees swept down by the high waters of winter and often covering acres of ground, wading waist deep in the icy waters, or falling upon the wet and mossy stones. Perhaps a day's toil might be expended in this manner, in making the detour of some big bend, and at night the weary, starving wanderer would be less than a mile from his starting place.

Quite different the plan of the experienced woodsman. Like the Indian or the elk, he will climb the nearest ridge, and endeavor to get his bearings. He could easily reach a compass, but if he has none he will observe the sun or the stars, and will accordingly shape his course in a general direction, always keeping to the highest ground, and making it a rule, in case necessity should compel him to drop down the hillside, to regain the lost elevation at the first opportunity.

Upon these heights there is little underbrush, the tall trees are free from limbs, and in many places from the very summit of the Coast mountains you can see the Willamette valley extending far beneath and seemingly the drained bed of a vast inland sea—as indeed, I believe it is.

Along such an elevation we followed the old Indian trail for several miles, leaving it near its crossing of the right fork, and descending a long ridge to the confluence of the two branches, following a dim trail worn by the feet of a jolly coterie of Washington county hunters, for this section has always been a favorite haunt for deer.

Upon the high bank of the stream, at

the foot of a wild stretch of tumbling water, we found their old camp, beneath a tall and spreading cedar. Soon a yellow pillar of flame leaped skyward and the coffee pot was boiling gaily on a bed of coals.

Night came swiftly in these solitudes, but we were prepared for its black shadows, and after collecting a large store of dry wood we ate our supper by the fire light and then got our rods and lines in readiness for an early start upon the morrow.

A sharp crashing in the underbrush upon the hillside brought us to our feet in an attitude of expectation.

"Don't shoot," exclaimed a voice in the darkness.

In another minute the weary figure of a man came within the radius of our firelight. He bore on his back a small bundle slung across the barrel of a Remington.

"I'm a land cruiser," he said by way of explanation. "I save your camp fire and came down to spend the night with you, if you've no objection, eh?"

We disavowed so in hospitable an idea, so he unslung his bundle, unrolled his blankets, and drawing out a little chunk of bacon and some flour and coffee, began to prepare a meager supper. We invited him to put away his provisions and partake of ours. He accepted and began stowing away our roast beef and baked beans, to say nothing of the delicacies at an alarming rate.

After supper he grew communicative, and while smoking one of our cigars narrated some of the most wonderful personal experiences that I have ever heard from the lips of man. I feel fully convinced that somewhere in the shadowy past the chain of his ancestry was linked with that of Rider Haggard.

"Looks like rain," he said, as one of the boys threw a fresh log upon the fire, sending a fountain of sparks into the blackness. "You boys ought to have an umbrella tent."

"What's that?" we queried.

"The handiest contrivance in the way of a tent that was ever invented. You can't get 'em in this country. I bought mine in California."

"Was tramping down in the Goose lake country once, with one of these umbrella tents, when I found myself surrounded by wild hogs. There must have been several hundred of them. I tell you, boys, if ever you get near a drove of them wild hogs you want to skin up a tree just as soon as you can, for they'll tear a man to pieces if they ever get a hold of him."

"Then hogs kept circling and circling around me, closer and closer, and my heart was in my mouth, with nary a tree to climb. All at once Providence seemed to say, 'What's the matter with your umbrella tent?'"

"The hogs were now within ten feet of me. I could see their long yellow tusks, and their squeals could be heard for miles. My hand trembled as I touched the spring in the stout walking stick I carried across my shoulders."

"Up flew the tent, and then wild pigs quit squealing, and cocked their heads to see what was coming next. Click! I touched another spring, and down rolled the ground pieces. Then I stuck the walking stick in the ground, got under the tent and twisted it around as fast as I could spin it. The hogs ran back forty or fifty feet, but kept up a circling and a squealing almost as bad as ever."

"This'll never do," says I, and I began scratching my head for an idea. All at once Providence said, 'What's the matter with them torpedoes?'"

"As quick as a wink I reached in my pack and pulled one of them out, and, after touching a match to the fuse, I tossed it among the squallin' mass of hungry hogs. They thought it was something to eat, and the last one of 'em was fightin' for a bite, when—Bang!"

"I went out and counted sixty dead hogs. I put up my umbrella tent, cut off

four or five fine fat hams and went on to old Joe Boggs' cabin."

"Joe had the door locked, but when I yelled he opened up and told me for God's sake to hurry in. Then he locked and barred the door again, and asked me how I got away from the wild beasts. He said they had been circling around his cabin all day, makin' more noise than ten thousand coyotes, and he didn't dare even to go to the spring after water."

"I stopped with Boggs until we had eat all my hams. He was so tickled with that umbrella tent that he dickered an old deer for it, and finally gave me \$100 in gold. It cost me \$15 in Sacramento."

"But they's jess one thing agin' umbrella tents, boys. If ever a wind storm strikes one of 'em, look out. Up she goes like a parachute. I was cased over in Clatsop county one summer."

Sleep rung down the curtain at this juncture and forever deprived the world of an interesting description of the behavior of an umbrella tent in a sea breeze. My last recollection was of a confused murmur—the stream, gleaming in the bright light of the old fire and cedars—and I was in the land of dreams, trying to elevate an umbrella tent in a lonely canyon, with 10,000 wild hogs with elephantine tusks filling out of a darkness.

After a long and weary journey, I reached around Idaho Falls the construction of these irrigating canals is very extensive.

"Did I visit Idaho Falls?" Yes, indeed, that was one of my objective points when I started from Butte. I regard the new city as the most promising of any place I visited in all Idaho, and the syndicate backing the movement is, in my opinion, the best.

"I purchased all told some 40 of those lots in Crow's addition to Idaho Falls, and now wish I had more ready money with which to invest. If I had, it certainly would be in lots in the new town at \$20. These lots in my opinion will sell for \$200 each readily before one year."

"The water power in the rapids of the Snake river where this new city is building is powerful enough to run all the manufacturing in a city of 50,000 inhabitants. The amount of building going on in Idaho Falls is a sufficient guarantee to me of the unbounded faith men of means who have gone to there have in the place."

In the Hands of the Law. BUTTE, Dec. 6.—In addition to the two prize fighters quite a number of other offenders were arraigned in the police court today.

Henry Williams, a rather hard looking, one-legged "coon," was accused of having been drunk and disorderly and of begging money on the streets. He entered a flat denial to all of the charges, and was then arraigned for resisting and striking an officer. He made a second plea of not guilty and was sent to the basement to await trial next Monday.

John Jackson was convicted of vagrancy and in default of \$5 and costs was committed.

T. F. Terry was fined \$1 and costs for a plain drunk. He was jailed.

J. S. Jordan pleaded not guilty to a charge of vagrancy and will be tried Monday.

Sprinter Anderson in Limbo. BUTTE, Dec. 6.—Anderson, the sprinter, when in the city before, was arrested for carrying concealed weapons and firing a pistol in the city limits. He was released on bonds pending trial and left the city. His bond was declared forfeited and an order for his arrest issued. He returned from Spokane Falls yesterday and to-day was again arrested on the old charge. He again gave bonds for his appearance, J. L. Black becoming his surety. Sam Martin was his first bondsman.

Waiting for Advice. CHICAGO, Dec. 6.—The Irish envoys decided to leave for New York this evening unless later advice from London shall make it expedient for them to remain longer. Their object in going to New York is to get close to the American end of the cable. They declined to make any comments on the result of the proceedings of the Irish National meeting at London to-day pending the receipt of intelligence of the final action of the Parnellite and anti-Parnellite factions.

RETURNS TO THE CITY.

Julian B. B. Coon Makes a Short Trip Through Idaho.

BUTTE, Dec. 6.—Julian B. B. Coon, one of Butte's most enterprising real estate and mining brokers, returned to the city yesterday after a week's absence in Idaho. In conversation with a reporter of the STANDARD last evening Mr. Coon said: "Idaho is a great state and as yet her varied resources are but meagrely understood. The mining resources in the Seven Devils' country, also in the Chails district and placer mining on Snake river are yet in their infancy. The agricultural resources are simply wonderful, and sufficient to furnish all the cities and mining camps of Idaho and Montana with provisions."

"The irrigating canal companies in the Snake river valley alone are expending over a half million dollars in construction work, and in my opinion this next year will witness a change in the valley from sage brush barrenness to thrifty farms. The few farmers now ranching it there have the most unbounded confidence in the richness and productive qualities of the soil, if sufficiently irrigated. Around Idaho Falls the construction of these irrigating canals is very extensive."

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CHEAP ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this head one cent per word each insertion; special rates on contracts for definite periods. No advertisement accepted for less than 25 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—To purchase a buggy, road cart and single harness. State style and price. Address, Box 126, Butte. 4-3

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms No. 112 West Granite street, nice warm room on suite and single, also kitchen, rent moderate. Opposite Court house. 7-3

FOR RENT OR SALE—The Moore Hotel property in the best business portion of Granite, Montana, now occupied as saloon, barber shop and 30 ft gully furnished rooms. A bargain to the right man. Address in family the old cases for renting. Apply to E. H. Moore Granite, Mont. 7-3

HOUSE FOR RENT—214 South Idaho street. Call at No. 6, East Broadway, Butte. 7-3

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms in a desirable location. Apply at Standard office. 18

WANTED—HELP.

WANTED—Two experienced inside wire men immediately. Inquire of Electric Construction Co., 40 West Granite st., Butte, 5-2.

WANTED—Wood choppers, steady work. Apply to E. L. Bonner & Co., Deer Lodge. 5-11

WANTED—SITUATIONS.

Advertisements will be inserted under this head free of charge. Copy for the advertisements may be left at either the Butte or Anaconda offices of the "Standard." 6-6

A Good four or six horse teamster wants work. Apply to J. Mack, South Butte, or address care Box 25. 6-6

SITUATION WANTED—A teamster, or taking care of horses. Please address W. W., Standard office, Butte. 7-3

SITUATION WANTED—Experienced stationary engineer wants position. F. Hendry, South Butte postoffice. 7-3

WANTED—Situations by a first class male cook. Twenty-five years' experience. Must have work. Address Frank Murray, Standard office, Butte. 7-3

POSITION WANTED—By a young lady as stenographer and typewriter. Office work preferred. Thoroughly competent. Address Stenographer, Standard Office Butte. 7-3

THE HOWER STUDIO, PHILIPSBURG AND GRANITE, MONT. Under the Management of CHARLES WALENDER.

Who is an acknowledged master of the PHOTOGRAPHIC ART can be found at the Studio every day in the year. Photos of all sizes and outdoor scenes and enlarging a specialty. Call at the well known angles and examine his work.

DUNCAN R. McRAE, PHILIPSBURG, MONTANA. DEALER IN—Fruits, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars. Poultry, Fish, Oysters, Crackers, Eggs, Lard and all kinds of Vegetables.

Prompt attention given mail orders from Mining camps tributary to Philipshurg. A. S. HUFFMAN & CO., Wholesale Dealer in LIQUORS - AND - CIGARS. Wines of all kinds a Specialty. Examine our prices on Cigars and Liquors of all grades. Mail orders promptly attended to. PHILIPSBURG, MONT.

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ONE NIGHT ONLY!

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PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Direct from the "MADISON SQUARE THEATRE," New York, en route to San Francisco, for the Holidays.

The Best Company ever presenting this.

The Funniest Play Ever Written

It ran over 300 Nights in New York.

Reserved Seats at Playter's Drug Store. Prices as usual.

Montana Commercial CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in First-class

GROCERIES - PROVISIONS

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SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORDERS.

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MISSOULA, MONT.

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ANACONDA

Real Estate Agency,

FIRST STREET, ANACONDA.

Real Estate and Insurance Agents,

Mining Brokers, Collectors and Conveyancers.

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LAND AND INDIAN DEFECTION CLAIMS.

Special attention given to the above. NATHAN BUCKINGHAM, Solicitor of Claims, Washington, D. C. References furnished in any state. Blanks free.

MAGIC CITY OF THE WEST.

CHEYENNE, THE CAPITAL OF WYOMING.

MAGIC CITY OF THE WEST.

The Largest City and the Business Center of the New State.

CHEYENNE

Has a population of 15,000 inhabitants and is growing rapidly. It is a HEALTH RESORT and the CLIMATE is unsurpassed by that of any WESTERN CITY. It is a RAILROAD CENTER, being on the main line of the UNION PACIFIC, the junction of the DENVER and PACIFIC and the present terminus of the C. B. & Q. System.

The UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.'S SHOPS Located Here Are Now Nearing Completion and Cost SIX MILLION DOLLARS.

The Company will employ 4,000 men. The C. B. & Q. Railway Company owns a section of Land north of the City and will in the Spring commence the erection of Shops which will,

when completed employ upwards of 4,300 MEN. The City is assured of a

BLAST FURNACE, CAPACITY 100 TONS DAILY

AND THE LARGEST GLASS MANUFACTURING PLANT IN AMERICA.

CHEYENNE has a fine Water System fed by countless mountain streams and lakes, excellent sewerage, Street Railways, Arc and Incandescent Electric Lights, eight churches, two depots, costing nearly \$250,000, two colleges, four of the finest school buildings in the State and a free library. So rapid has been the growth of CHEYENNE that it has justly been called

THE MAGIC CITY OF THE WEST.

With its advantages it is sure to double in population in a very few years, and has better real estate investments than any other western city. A syndicate is now being formed to purchase 200 choice lots in CHEYENNE at a nominal figure, which will return 100 per cent. profit in six months, a number of prominent Butte capitalists have already interested themselves. For full information as to terms for joining the syndicate and advantages of CHEYENNE, call on

MRS. LAURA F. MOFFETT, Room 10, 44 West Granite Street, Butte, Mont.

MAGIC CITY OF THE WEST.

The Representative of the Butte investors, Mr. Mahoney, returned from his trip of investigation last evening and says: "The property is good, very good, and surprised me.

It has been underestimated by all of us.

MAGIC CITY OF THE WEST.